Yeeld ſlinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy boſome plucke a flower,
Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder,
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortall touch,
Throw death vpon thy Soueraines enemies:
Mocke not my ſenſleſſe coniuration Lords:
This earth ſhall haue a feeling, and theſe ſtones
Proue armed Souldiers ere her native King
Shall falter vnder foule rebellious armes.

Carl. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you King,
Hath power to keepe you king in ſpite of all;
The meanes that heauens yeeld muſt be imbrac't
And not neglected. Elſe heauen would,
And we would not; heauens offer, we refuſe
The proffered meanes of ſuccours and redreſſe.

Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are to remiſſe,
Whilſt *Bullingbrooke*, through our ſecurity,
Growes ſtrong and great in ſubſtance and in power.

King. Diſcomfortable couſin, knowſt thou not,
That when the ſearching eie of heauen is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world,
Then theeues and robbers range abroade vnſeene,
In murthers, and in outrage bloody heere.
But when from vnder his terreſtriall ball,
He fires the proude tops of the eſterne pines,
And darts his light through euery guilty hole;
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſinnes,
The cloake of night being pluckt from off their backes,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themſelues:
So when this thiefe, this traitour *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath reueld in the night
Whilſt we were wandring with the Antipodes,
Shall ſee vs riſing in our throne the Eaſt,
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day,
But ſelfe affrighted, trembled at his ſinne,
Not all the water in the rough rude Sea,
Can waſh the balme off from an annoynted King.

The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The deputy elected by the Lord,
For euery man that *Bullingbrooke* hath preſt,
To lift ſhrewde ſteele againſt our golden crowne,
God for his *Ric:* hath in heauenly pay,
A glorious Angel: then if Angels fight,
Weake men muſt fall, for heauen ſtill guardes the right.

Enter Saliſh.

King. Welcome my Lord: how farre off lies your power?

Saliſh. Nor neere nor farther off, my gratious Lord:
Than this weake arme; diſcomfort guides my tongue.
And bids me ſpeake of nothing but Deſpaire,
One day too late, I feare, my noble Lo:
Hath clouded all thy happy dayes on earth,
O call backe yeſterday, bid Time returne,
And thou ſhalt haue twelue thouſand fighting men:
To day, to day, vnhappy day, too late,
Ouerthrowes thy ioyes, friends, fortune and thy ſtate:
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bulinglbrooke*, diſperſt, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege, why lookes your Grace ſo pale?

King. But now the bloud of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:
And till ſo much bloud thither come againe,
Haue I not reaſon to looke pale and dead?
All ſoules that will be ſafe, flie from my ſide,
For Time hath ſet a blot vpon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.

King. I had forgot my ſelfe, Am I not King?
Awake thou coward, Maieſtie thou ſleepeſt,
Is not the Kings name twentie thouſand names?
Arme, arme, my name a puny ſubiect ſtrikes
At thy great glory, looke not to the ground,
Yee fauourites of a King, are we not high?
High be our thoughts, I know my vnckle *Yorke* (heere?
Hath power enough to ſerue our turne: but who comes

Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happineſſe betide my Liege,